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DR. BIRKHEAD will be in the office all the time. **DR. GOODRICH** will only be here from time to time, due notice of which will be given. Gas for the PAINLESS extraction of teeth administered at all times by Dr. Birkhead.
August 31, 1871.—v6b2021

G. T. DUNN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
New Hope, - - - Missouri.

Will practice in the Courts of the Nineteenth Judicial Circuit. Special attention given to collecting. v7n16m6p

R. C. MAGRUDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Cap-au-Gris, - - - Missouri.

Will practice in the Courts of the Nineteenth Judicial District. v7n5

W. C. MCFARLAND,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Troy, - - - Missouri.

Will practice in the Courts of the Nineteenth Judicial Circuit, and will give special attention to collections. Office—Front room over J. R. Knox's Bank. v7n16

CHAS. MARTIN, JR.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Troy, - - - Missouri.

Will practice in all the Courts of the Nineteenth Judicial Circuit. Special attention given to the collection of debts. v6b39

A. V. MCKEE. **E. N. BONFILS.**
MCKEE & BONFILS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Troy, - - - Missouri.

Will practice in the various Courts of this and adjoining counties. Special attention given to collections and matters relating to real estate. Office, northeast corner Main and Cherry streets, just below Laclede Hotel. n30v7

J. B. ALLEN. **W. T. BAKER.**
ALLEN & BAKER,
Attorneys-at-Law, Agents State and Phoenix Insurance Companies,
and Real Estate Agents,
TROY, MISSOURI.
JOSEPH B. ALLEN, Notary Public.
apr25-72n17

B. W. WHEELER,
Attorney at Law and Notary Public,
NEW HOPE, MO.

Will attend to any professional business in the Courts of Lincoln, Warren, Pike and Montgomery counties. sep771n30y1

WM. FRAZIER. **G. W. COLBERT.**
FRAZIER & COLBERT,
Attorneys at Law & Real Estate Agents,
TROY, MISSOURI.

Will practice in all the courts of the Nineteenth Judicial Circuit. Special attention given to collections and to the sale and purchase and leasing of real estate. Abstracts of titles, warranty deeds, deeds of trust and mortgages made out on short notice. Large number of valuable farms for sale at low prices. Office on Main street in Randall's building, up stairs. [v7n14

WALTON & CREECH,
Attorneys at Law & Real Estate Agents,
TROY, MO.

Will practice in all the Courts of the Nineteenth Judicial Circuit, and the Supreme Court of the State. All business entrusted to their care will be promptly attended to.
Office over Dr. S. T. East's Drug store. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.
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Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters of administration were granted to the undersigned on the estate of Henry Quigley, dec'd, by the Clerk of the Probate Court of Lincoln county, Mo., on the 10th day of July, 1872.
Persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them to the administrator within one year from the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of said estate; and if not exhibited within two years from the date of said letters, they will be forever barred. [Jul31] DAVID T. WADDY, Adm'r.

[For the Herald.]

THE OLD CHURCH.
The good old church, the good old church,
How glad it made me feel;
For I thought of the times, the good old times
When there I used to kneel;
Again in recollection the preacher's voice I hear,
And amid my joyous feelings I wipe away a tear.

'Twas in that church, that good old church,
That I was born anew,
'Midst groans and sighs that then burst forth,
For mercy I did sue.

Whist' o'er my mind those by-gone memories stole
I again was made to weep in agony of soul.

'Twas in that church, that blessed old church,
Sat friends in good array,
Listening to how Christ wept and died—
They, too, have passed away;

But in that old familiar place once more I bond
The ear,
And in the anthem's ringing notes again their
voice I hear.

In the good old church, the good old church,
Again I'll sit me down;
And I'll sit to a strange preacher's voice,
Though he speaks of the same bright crown.

I close my eyes, and o'er my mind visions of the
past will steal—
Childhood and its recollections once more I'm
made to feel. S. A. STUART.

KATE MAYO.

"I don't believe in love in a cottage,"
said Kate Mayo, looking defiantly round.

"I, for one, mean to marry riches!"
"Oh, Kate!" replied Helen Dewey,
reproachfully.

Miss Mayo shook the tiny gold ringlets
that hung like spirals of sunshine over
her pretty forehead, while a mischievous
sparkle came into her pretty blue eyes;
she rather seemed to enjoy the conversation
she had created.

"Well," said Kate Mayo, "I mean it.
Who wants to be a drudge in an ill-fitting
celice dress and last year's style of bonnet
just because some idiotic young man
asks you to be his wife? My taste is for
thread lace shawls and moire antiques,
and bennets that look as if they had
floated across the sea on a Parisian
zepphyr! Moreover, I have a fancy for
fine houses and a chocolate-colored
brougham, and a box at the opera, and a
French maid. Oh, I tell you, girls, my
husband must be rich!"

Kate Mayo spoke as if fate were at her
own command, as if she were crowned
queen of her destiny. So she was, in so
far as wit and beauty and a certain royal
ty of self possession may constitute the
scepter of one's own existence. Tall
and gracefully formed as a Greek statue,
her loveliness took you as if it were by
storm. She was fair as the waxen leaf of
a white rose, with pure straight features,
cheeks just tinted with the faint, delicate
pink that comes and goes like a fleeting
shadow, and a little ripe mouth that
made one think of the crimson sugar
heart that little children delight in.

Kate had been sent up from the old farm
to see what a winter in London would do
for her in the way of a life establishment;
and Kate had some very decided ideas of
her own upon the subject.

"My dear," said Aunt Dewey solemnly,
"all this sounds very mercenary!"
"I can't help it, aunt," was Kate's rejoinder. "I am mercenary."

"At your age, Kate?"
"What difference does age make, I wonder?" said the beauty, with a petulant shrug of her shoulders. "I'm going in for diamonds and a tour on the Continent. Sentiment is very well in a novel, but in real life it doesn't work."

Aunt Dewey's expression of horror
only made Kate Mayo laugh.

Miss Mayo was decidedly a "success" in the brilliant circles of society that winter. It was not entirely her faultless beauty, nor her quick readiness of repartee, nor yet the bewitching confidence with which she seemed to take the world's favor for granted, but a mixture and mingling of all these—a something which could hardly be expressed, save by the word "fascination." But notwithstanding her triumphs, Kate Mayo had, as yet, made no election in life.

"My dear," said Mrs. Dewey, solemnly, "what was the reason you refused Harry Pelham?"

"The reason? Why, aunt, he's a custom house clerk, as poor as Job's cat."

"Kate! what a very inelegant expression!"

"As a church mouse, then, ma'am, if you like that better."

"Mr. Ryhurst, then?" pursued Mrs. Dewey.

"I've no idea of coming to the work house before my time."

"Mr. Ryhurst is well off, I am sure."

"The positive degree won't suit me, aunt; I must have the superlative."

"Kate you will die an old maid yet!"

"Better an old maid than a careworn old wife."

Aunt Dewey shook her head.

"Kate! Kate! there is such a thing as going through the woods and picking up a crooked stick. What do you value yourself at, pray?"

"Twenty thousand pounds at least, aunt, and from that upwards," laughed Kate, as she put the last rose into the vase of flowers she was arranging.

"Where will you get such a prize as that?"

"Not in society just now, to be sure, aunt, but the representative will be here yet."

"Whom do you mean?"
"I mean Mr. Emmett."
Aunt Dewey sat down with uplifted hands and eyes.

"N'importe—he's coming home soon."
"You have never seen him."
"I dare say I shall see him."
"Kate, you are crazy!"

"No I'm not, aunt; you yourself will own it when you see me Mrs. Emmett!"
The audacity of the girl fairly bewildered her sage relative; it was as if a little French grisette had aspired to share the august throne of the Napoleons!

"Well, I never did!" gasped Mrs. Dewey.

"But that's no sign you never will, aunt," said Kate. Evidently the mischievous elf enjoyed the old lady's sore perplexity.

"But Kate," suggested little Helen who had sat by demurely listening, "suppose you fall in love with somebody else?"

"I fall in love!" said Kate, with a merry, mocking laugh. "Rest assured, Helen, I shall never commit such absurd pieces of folly as that! Haven't I told you forty thousand times that I intend only to marry for money? It may sound a little conceited, but I do consider myself a jewel, and I want a consequence—a bird that will sing only in a gilded cage! Helen, you shall be my bride-maid when I marry Lawrence Emmett!"

Things were at this interesting juncture when, one delicious moonlight evening, Miss Mayo came home under convoy of a tall handsome young man, who had been recently introduced to her.

"Did you say his name was St. John?" asked curious Helen, when the cavalier servant had gone. "Oh, Kate, how handsome he is!"

"Nothing of the kind," said Kate, tartly, "only rather pleasant looking."

"But who is he, Kate?"
"Oh, I don't know; a clerk in some bank, I believe."

"Poor fellow!" said Helen, reflectively.

"What do you say that for?" asked Kate, suddenly turning round upon her cousin.

"Because, Kate, if he's poor and obscure, and has come within the magic circle of your fascination—"

"Nonsense!" said Kate, almost angrily. "Do you suppose almost every man I look at must of necessity fall in love with me? I think you are a little goose, Helen Dewey."

Little Helen looked amazed; this was rather an unexpected mood on Kate's part.

As the bright winter days went by Kate changed more and more. Some times she was strangely soft and lovable; sometimes capricious, and given to sudden gusts and tears, like April showers, succeeded by brief sunshine.

"Kate," said Mrs. Dewey, coming one evening into the room where Kate sat, gazing out into the twilight, "have you thought about your dress to-morrow evening?"

"To-morrow evening?"
"Yes; at Mrs. Allaire's. Don't you remember? Mr. Emmett is to be there—your rich husband."

Aunt Dewey spoke almost jokingly; she had come to look upon Kate's *cha teau en Espagne* as an actual reality.

"Yes," said Kate, absently; "I remember."

"He saw you at the opera last night, and asked who you were."

"Who did?"
Mr. Emmett

Kate looked up with momentary interest.

"Did he? Then perhaps I will wear my blue silk, with the Roman pearls and blue violets in my hair."

Kate looked lovely as Venus of old in that same blue dress with the Roman pearls, and Mr. Emmett, a stout short man, with a very ruddy face and glassy blue eyes, evidently appreciated her attractions.

"Oh, Kate!" cried Helen, gleefully, as they were rolling homeward in their carriage, "all the girls are caving you. Mr. Emmett is certainly in love with you."

"He's a clumsy old clown, old enough to be my grandfather!" said the ungateful Kate.

"But he's so rich," pleaded Helen.

"Yes," said Kate, "he is rich." And that was all that was said.

"Kate," said Mrs. Dewey one morning, coming in with a triumphant air, "I have a grand piece of news for you!"

"And I've got one for you, aunt," said Kate, looking up with eyes unwontedly clear and wet.

"Mr. Emmett has called to see me. He requests the privilege of paying his addresses formally to you."

"I'm very much obliged to you," said Kate, falteringly, "but—I would rather not."

"Like somebody else better, eh?"
"Yes, sir."

"St. John, eh? penniless fellow, with nothing on earth but a handsome face!"
"You are wrong, sir," said Kate, frowning. "He has a noble nature and a loyal soul."

"All humbug!" quietly commented Mr. Emmett. "However, do as you like. I've nothing to say. Only I thought you wanted a rich husband!"

Kate colored scarlet—the old folly came back to haunt her.

"We shall be rich, sir," she said, softly—"rich in our own love and mutual confidence."

"I suppose, now," said the ruddy faced old gentleman, "you would not believe me if I said that you were going to be Mrs. Lawrence Emmett after all?"

"No, sir; I should not, most certainly."

"It's the solemn truth, notwithstanding," said Mr. Emmett, "that you will be your husband."

Kate looked at Mr. Emmett—was he going crazy?

"He is telling you the truth, Kate," said a gentle voice behind her, and she turned to feel her hand in the clasp of Mr. St. John. "When you are married to me you will be the wife of Lawrence St. John Emmett."

"And my daughter-in-law, chuckled the old gentleman, gleefully. "Kate, we've been too much for you, you little fortune hunter. You've promised to marry a bank clerk, just because you fell in love with him, and you'll marry Mr. Emmett, the millionaire, after all!"

Yes, Kate Mayo had been out general. The stratagem by which Lawrence Emmett had won her disinterested love had succeeded, and the little capricious bird had folded her wings within the gilded cage, in spite of fate!

Kate kept her word, and Helen Dewey was bride-maid to Mrs. Lawrence Emmett after all.

A MODEL LAWYER.—Squire Johnson was a model lawyer, as the following anecdote will show:

Jones once rushed into the Squire's office in a great passion, and said, "That infernal scoundrel of a cobbler, Smith, has sued me for five dollars I owe him for a pair of boots."

Then you owe him five dollars?
To be sure I do, but he's gone and sued me—sued me!

Then why don't you pay him, if you owe him?
Because he's sued me, and when a man does that I'll never pay till it costs him more than he gets. I want you to make it cost him all you can.

But it will cost you something, too.
I don't care for that. What do you charge to begin with?

Ten dollars, and more if there's much extra trouble.

All right! There's the X. Now go ahead.

No sooner was his client gone than Squire Johnson stepped across to his neighbor Smith, and offered to pay the bill on condition that the suit should be withdrawn. The shoemaker gladly acceded—all he wanted was his pay, and as the case was not troublesome he made no demand upon his client.

Ten days after, Jones came to see how his case was getting on.

All right, said the lawyer; you won't have any more trouble about that. I put it to Smith so strongly that he was glad to withdraw the suit altogether.

Capital! cried the exulting Jones. You've done it up brown! I shall have all my business hereafter.

A minister made an interminable call upon a lady of his acquaintance. Her little daughter who was present, grew weary of his conversation, and at last whispered, in an audible key, "Didn't he bring his amen with him, mamma?"

The wife of an Irish gentleman being suddenly taken ill, the husband ordered a servant to get a horse ready to go for the doctor. By the time, however, that the horse was ready, and the note to the doctor written, the lady had recovered; on which he added the following postscript, and sent the servant off: "My wife, having recovered, you need not come."

A lady from the country entered one of our grocery stores and asked the clerk if he wanted to purchase any chickens—a couple of them—at the same time throwing a couple of live ones on the counter. The clerk replied that he did, and as the tied pair showed considerable anxiety to be released from their unpleasant position—meaning would they lie a few moments on the counter until he could attend to them. Lay there indignantly asked the old lady; of course not—their roosters, they won't lay nowhere.

How much a peck for potatoes? asked a gentleman in market on Monday morning. The price suited him and he was about to purchase, when a thought struck him. Wait a moment, my good woman, he said; I fear these potatoes were dug on Sunday. No, sir, they were not, she replied, but to tell the truth, they grew on Sunday.

"Say Amen to that, Brother."

In the south of New Jersey, some years ago, there traveled over some of the hardest counties, a good, faithful, hardworking brother named James Moore, or Jimmy Moore, as he was familiarly called. A true loyal Methodist, plain, pointed and sharp in all his preaching and exhortations.

He had been laboring a year on one of his circuits, and before leaving for his new field he gave his people, who dearly loved him, his farewell sermon.

At its close he said:
"My dear brethren, this is my last address to you. I am going from you and you may never hear the voice of James Moore again."

"Amen!" came loudly from the seat before him.

He looked at the man with a little surprise, but thinking it was a mistake went on:

"My days on earth will soon be numbered. I am an old man, and you may not only never hear the voice of James Moore, but never see his face again."

"Amen!" was shouted from the same seat, more vigorously than before.

There was no mistaking the design now. The preacher looked at the man—he knew him to be a hard, grinding man—stingy and merciless to the poor.

He continued his address:
"May the Lord bless all those of you who have done your duty, who have honored Him with your substance, who have been kind to the poor; and—"

Pausing and looking the intruder straight in the eye, and pointing to him with his finger—
"May his curse rest on those who have cheated the Lord and ground the poor under their heels. Say amen to that, brother!"

The shot told. He was not interrupted again.

An Indignant Editor.

It seems impossible to get the name "Binghamton, New York," into an Ohio newspaper. We have laboriously printed it in the manuscript, and the compositor always thinks the p must have been left out by accident and he puts it "Binghamton." Then we have tried writing it with a p, and afterwards strike out the p in the most obtrusive manner possible, but the intelligent compositor thinks this is the result of a fit of emotional insanity, and the word appears as regularly as before, "Binghamton."

Then we have corrected it in the proof with a vigorous dele, which is the sign in all languages of the proof reader's "take out," and it comes up like Banquo's ghost (only the other end first,) as Binghamton. It is no use. You can't convince any printer that the name of the respectable old party the town was called for was Bingham, and not Bingham, any more than you can convince him there is no such word as arial, and that, instead of being a diphthong, the first two vowels are separate syllables, thus—a-ri-al.

We give it up. Put it arial and aeronaut, and contemporary, and reportorial, and newspaperial, and Idiomatic Aylum, and Binghamton, and Bedamptoy. But if we had our way we would hang the first reportorial contemporary that says arial newspaperial or send him to Binghamton in a balloon without any aeronaut to steer the machine. Nobody but a natural born fool would say "newspaperial," any way. Such a word ought to burst the gullet of any man that uses it.—Ohio State Journal.

WARRANTED HIS GOODS.—Old Adam C., a resident of Berks county, had a queer habit of making correct mistakes.

When about to sell rather an antiquated horse, he was interrogated as to the age of the beast.

Vell, he replies, I guess about nine over ten.

In a short time the purchaser discovered the fraud, returned with the animal, and said—

Mr. C., what made you cheat me in selling me this horse? Didn't you tell me he was nine or ten? and here he is twenty.

No, no; I sheats nobody. I say he is nine over ten, and he is all of dat.

At another time, when selling a balky horse, he was asked if the horse was true to pull and good to drive. Old Adam says—

I tells you, in the morning you gets your wagon out, and puts de harness on de horse good; hitch him fore de wagon good; take up de lines and vip, and tell him go. I tell you he is right dar every time.

The buyer departed satisfied; but after following directions, he found him 'right dar every time,' and no amount of persuasion could induce him to change his position. Buyer of course returns the horse; but old Adam sheats nobody. He told him about as it was.

Having a quantity of wood that had been exposed to the weather till it had become spoiled, he wished to dispose of it. Taking a load to market, customer inquires—

"Is it good wood? Will it split good?"

"Splitts? Yab, splitts like a candle. Any one who has split candles can judge how the wood split. The next time old Adam came to market he was reproached with selling rotten wood; but old Adam sheats nobody! He tells him about what it was.

"Matrimony," said a modest Benedict, the other day, "produces remarkable revolutions; here am I, for instance, in two short months, changed from a sighing lover to a loving sire."

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Final Settlement.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, N. Executor of the estate of Milton L. Lovell, deceased, will make a final settlement of his administration of said estate at the next term of the Probate Court of Lincoln county, Mo., to be begun and held at the court house in Troy on the second Monday in October, 1872.
aug21n34 GEO. A. HAMILTON, Ex'r.

Final Settlement.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, N. Administrator of the estate of George L. McGregor, deceased, will make a final settlement of his administration of said estate at the next term of the Probate Court of Lincoln county, Mo., to be begun and held at the court house in Troy on the second Monday in October, 1872.
aug21n34 GEO. A. HAMILTON, Adm'r.

Final Settlement.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, N. Administrator of the estate of George L. McGregor, deceased, will make a final settlement of his administration of said estate at the next term of the Probate Court of Lincoln county, Mo., to be begun and held at the court house in Troy on the second Monday in October, 1872.
aug21n34 MARGARET H. LOVELL, Adm'r.

Final Settlement.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, N. Administrator de bonis non of the estate of Anton Pepper, deceased, will make a final settlement of his administration of said estate at the next term of the Probate Court of Lincoln county, Mo., to be begun and held in Troy on the second Monday in October, 1872.
aug21n34 HENRY MEMMERMEIER, Administrator, de bonis non.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters of administration were granted to the undersigned on the estate of Matilda A. Hiler, dec'd, by the Clerk of the Probate Court of Lincoln county, Mo., on the 7th day of July, 1872.
All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them to the administrator for allowance within one year from the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of said estate; and if not exhibited within two years from the date of said letters, they will be forever barred.
sep4n36 E. G. SITTON, Adm'r.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters of administration were granted to the undersigned on the co-partnership estate of Quigley & Bonfile, on the 10th day of July, 1872, by the Clerk of the Probate Court of Lincoln county, Mo.
All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them to the administrator for allowance within one year from the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of said estate; and if not exhibited within two years from the date of said letters, they will be forever barred.
Jul31n31 DAVID T. WADDY, Adm'r.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters of administration were granted to the undersigned on the estate of William S. Cochran, deceased, by the Clerk of the Probate Court of Lincoln county, Mo., on the 13th day of June, 1872.
All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them to the administrator for allowance within one year from the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of said estate, and if not exhibited within two years from the date of said letters they will be forever barred.
Jul10 MARY BELL COCHRAN, Adm'r.

Order of Publication.

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